

SEA GLASS

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A Play in Two Acts

by

Olivia Basile

Phone: (203) 501-3248

Email: [oliviabasile@gmail.com](mailto:oliviabasile@gmail.com)

Website: [oliviabasile.com](http://oliviabasile.com)

Characters

Imogen Kilcullen 14 years old; freshman; youngest girl  
Anne Kilcullen 16 years old; junior; middle girl Patrick  
Kilcullen Mid 30's; Father of three girls Bill McDermott 19  
years old; senior; oldest boy Mike McDermott 17 years old;  
junior, middle boy

Toddy McDermott 15 years old; sophomore; youngest boy  
Grant O'Hare 23 years old; college senior A Beach Police  
Officer

Scene

Long Island; Outer beaches, along Jones Beach

Time

1979; Fall

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ACT I

## Scene I

SETTING: The living room and kitchen of a beach house in West Gilgo. All light wood furniture, tile floor.

Stage left is the living room with two couches, an old red rug, and shelves filled with books. The coffee table between the couches is covered in travel magazines. Behind the couches is a metal winding staircase, leading to the second floor\*. The farthest left is a slatted wooden backdoor, leading to a porch.

On stage right is a wooden kitchen table, with five chairs. Above the table is a single light fixture, with a green and red stained glass bowl over it. 3 placemats sit out on the wooden table. Behind the table is the kitchen, with a small tile countertop and old white refrigerator, covered in a smattering of kitsch magnets. To the far right, a glass sliding door leading to the front porch.

The house is eclectically furnished, both with dusty, old wooden chairs and large fancy china sitting in cabinets. Dolls, books, pots, a record player suitcase, and other trinkets line the shelves along the back wall. A wooden door between the shelves leads to the bathroom.

It's night. Crickets and ocean waves. A kitchen clock reads "2:21 AM"

\*Note: All Interludes take place on the small platform of the second floor.

AT RISE: The red tail lights of a car illuminate the living area. Bathed in the glow is IMOGEN KILCULLEN, 14, slightly chubby, tall for her age, with frizzy hair, tied back for sleep. She wears a red cotton nightgown with a lacy collar, a bathrobe, and white socks. IMOGEN holds a white envelope in her hands as she watches the red lights drive off.

IMOGEN looks down at the envelope and weighs it in her hands. As she goes to examine its contents, she hears heavy footfalls on the metal staircase. IMOGEN stuffs the envelope a pocket on her robe and turns towards the stairs in time to see ANNE, 16, enter.

ANNE wears an oversized t-shirt with text that reads "ROLLING STONES 1978 US TOUR" and plods down the stairs, rubbing the sleep

from her eyes. She has short, messy red hair. A rebellious spirit.

ANNE  
Did she leave?

IMOGEN  
Yeah, she just left.

ANNE  
How much money did she leave us?

IMOGEN slowly takes the envelope from her pocket.

IMOGEN  
She didn't say.

ANNE  
Count it, then.

IMOGEN turns on the light above the dining room table, then sits down. ANNE stands over her, staring down as IMOGEN begins to pull the money from the envelope.

IMOGEN sorts the money, putting the 5's into stacks of 20, counting them out under her breath. ANNE, a few times, tries to recount the pile and is met with a slap on the hand from IMOGEN with the stack she's counting.

IMOGEN  
400.

ANNE  
What?

IMOGEN  
400 dollars.

ANNE  
Count again.

IMOGEN  
Anne, that's how much there is.

ANNE  
Count again.

IMOGEN does, sorting through the money again. She finishes and

looks at Anne.

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IMOGEN  
400.

ANNE  
Our mother is a psycho.

IMOGEN  
That's not a small amount of money.

ANNE  
400? Mom can spend a metric *buttload* of cash on a *cruise* and we  
can't get more than 500?

IMOGEN  
If we spread it out carefully, that's a little over 25 a week.

ANNE  
A week!?

IMOGEN  
(thinking out loud)  
Divide 400 by 15 and you end up with something around 26. So  
we'll be okay, especially since Mom said Dad would be back in  
October for a while before his next gig.

ANNE  
For gas and groceries and all that shit... 26 fuckin' bucks.

IMOGEN  
Okay! So, give me a second and I'll budget it. Just give me a  
second.

IMOGEN finds a notebook in the kitchen nearby and begins sorting  
through, jotting down calendar dates.

ANNE  
Give me my cut.

Pause.

IMOGEN  
I'm sorry?

ANNE  
I want my cut. Give me my cut.

IMOGEN  
You don't have a cut.

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ANNE  
Of course I have a cut. It looks like this.

ANNE grabs a wad of cash from the piles. IMOGEN grabs her hand and tries to pull it away. The two struggle, IMOGEN pulling on ANNE's arm.

ANNE IMOGEN  
Imogen! Get off! Put it back! Put it back!

ANNE finally releases, sending the money flying into the air and IMOGEN falling backwards onto her back.

IMOGEN  
No!

The money falls around the two sisters. ANNE looks disappointed while IMOGEN climbs around the ground, struggling to pick up cash.

ANNE watches her sister scramble on the ground, then turns on the television, sits down on the couch, and rubs her eyes again.

WHEEL OF FORTUNE is playing.

ANNE  
Well, that's rude.

ANNE turns off the TV. She picks up a dollar off the ground as she sits back down and puts it in her pocket.

IMOGEN finishes collecting the money. She stands, flustered and angry.

IMOGEN shoots a glare at ANNE, then goes back to the table. IMOGEN begins placing the pile back together.

Some of the bills are missing. IMOGEN's face gets red. Her breath hitches. She recounts. And recounts. IMOGEN is hit with a wave of panic. She scours the room and looks under tables and chairs.

IMOGEN points at ANNE.

IMOGEN  
Where is it?

ANNE  
What?

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IMOGEN  
20 dollars is missing. I know you took it

ANNE  
I didn't take anything.

IMOGEN  
You did. I know you did.

No reply from ANNE.

IMOGEN  
We're going to go hungry, don't you get that? We don't have enough money for you to just waste it on whatever you're going to waste it on.

(beat)  
You're horrible. Give it to me, Anne.

(beat)

Anne.

(beat)

Anne. I know you don't care about anyone else but yourself but you have to give me the money!

IMOGEN charges at ANNE, after she doesn't reply again. ANNE is ready to fight IMOGEN, and stands. The girls shove, bite, and pull hair.

The scrap ends with ANNE sitting on the chest of face-up IMOGEN. ANNE pulls her hair and IMOGEN screams in frustration.

IMOGEN  
MOM SAID I WAS IN CHARGE!

ANNE  
What?

IMOGEN  
Mom left me in charge of the money. She said it. She said, out loud, to me, 'Imogen, I don't trust Anne with this. So you have to be responsible.' That's what she said. You don't get to decide

what to do with it. She said I was more responsible than you and that I get to decide how we spend everything. She thinks you're irresponsible and that I'm responsible.

The sound of ocean waves.

ANNE looms over IMOGEN. She stays seated on IMOGEN's chest, glaring down at her.

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ANNE  
I'm in charge of you. Got it?

IMOGEN  
Got it.

Beat.

ANNE  
Don't accuse me of stealing ever again. I didn't take anything. ANNE stands and lets IMOGEN get a deep breath in.

ANNE exits up the spiral stairs. IMOGEN coughs and sputters from the floor.

IMOGEN tucks the envelope into her pocket. IMOGEN locks the front door.

IMOGEN gets halfway up the stairs before something in the house creaks. IMOGEN descends the stairs again, checks the front door lock, and counts her money.

Once she has done this ritual of locking the door and counting the money twice, she finally heads to bed.

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#### INTERLUDE A

ANNE is standing, now in a CATHOLIC SCHOOL UNIFORM. She is at church, reading.

ANNE  
A reading, from the first letter of Peter.  
"Wives, likewise, be submissive to your own husbands, that even if some do not obey the word, they, without a word, may be won by the conduct of their wives, when they observe your chaste conduct



accompanied by fear. Do not let your adornment be merely outward – arranging the hair, wearing gold, or putting on fine apparel— rather *let it be* the hidden person of the heart, with the incorruptible *beauty* of a gentle and quiet spirit, which is very precious in the sight of God. For in this manner, in former times, the holy women who trusted in God also adorned themselves, being submissive to their own husbands, as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord, whose daughters you are if you do good and are not afraid with any terror.” Amen.

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## Scene 2

4:40 PM. IMOGEN does homework at the kitchen table.

ANNE comes downstairs, wrapped in a robe. ANNE goes to the kitchen and begins preparing a sandwich.

ANNE

How'd you end up getting to school?

IMOGEN

Mister McDermott drove me.

ANNE

St. Paul's is super out of his way.

IMOGEN

Well, mom told us he was willing to help.

ANNE

Don't ask him too often though. Don't wanna bother him.

IMOGEN

I won't

Silence as ANNE puts pickles and mayonnaise on the bread.

IMOGEN pulls extra materials out of her bag. A history textbook, a mathematics textbook, a Bible, and a journal.

IMOGEN

Sister Josephine sent these home with me / for you so you didn't fall behind on anything.

ANNE

Oh, no...

Did you tell her about my food poisoning?

IMOGEN turns from the table to the kitchen as ANNE puts mustard on her sandwich. ANNE licks her finger.

IMOGEN lets out a huff.

ANNE wrinkles her nose at IMOGEN, who goes back to work.

ANNE

Fine. What did the Sister give you?

IMOGEN taps the math textbook with her pencil.

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ANNE takes her sandwich to the table. She sits, looks over the textbook and grimaces.

ANNE takes the journal left for her and looks for a pencil. When she can't find one, ANNE grabs the one from IMOGEN's hand.

IMOGEN looks frustrated but stands and finds a new pencil in the kitchen as ANNE cracks open the textbook.

ANNE

Jeez, you'd think we'd have measured all the triangles by now, right?

IMOGEN says nothing and sits down. She gets back to work.

ANNE tries to work, unsuccessfully. She begins eating her sandwich.

IMOGEN

You're chewing really loud.

ANNE

Oh my god.

IMOGEN

I'm just saying / it's really loud!

ANNE

You always think everyone / is chewing really loud!

IMOGEN

I do not / I just think when you chew with your mouth open!

ANNE

Yes, you do! Someone could be eating feathers and you'd complain about the crunch!

The two girls glare at each other.

IMOGEN stands with her things and sits on the floor behind the table in the living area.

The two work quietly for a moment or two.

ANNE  
Can you help me?

IMOGEN looks up from her own work.

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ANNE holds up her math textbook.

IMOGEN trudges over to ANNE. IMOGEN drags over a chair and sits beside ANNE.

IMOGEN  
What's the problem?

ANNE  
"A 25 foot tall flagpole casts a 42 foot shadow. What is the angle that the sun hits the flagpole?"

IMOGEN  
Okay. First draw out the flagpole.

ANNE  
Okay...

ANNE begins drawing.

ANNE  
What does Botswana's flag look like?

IMOGEN glares. ANNE finishes drawing.

IMOGEN  
So the question wants *this* angle's measurement. So just divide it and then check the trig functions table in the back.

ANNE stares at her.

IMOGEN huffs, flips to the back of the textbook and points to the

chart.

ANNE

See, this is why Dad says you're the smart one.

IMOGEN

Dad doesn't say that.

ANNE

Yes, he does. Remember when he introduced us to that couple in his dressing room? He said Winnie was an 'actor', he called me 'free-spirited' and then he said you were 'the smart one'.

IMOGEN

He didn't mean it like that.

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ANNE gives IMOGEN a look.

IMOGEN retreats to the living room, begins working again. A few moments of quiet work.

ANNE

We should get some food.

IMOGEN

You're eating / right now

ANNE

I know, I know, I meant for dinner.

IMOGEN

Okay... What were you thinking?

ANNE

Pizza.

IMOGEN

No. No chance.

ANNE

What? Why not?

IMOGEN

Because that's not in the budget.

ANNE

It can't be more than 10 bucks.

IMOGEN

Yes. Out of our 25 for the week.

ANNE

So, we eat in for the rest of the meals.

IMOGEN

No way. You won't stick to that and we both know it.

ANNE shrugs, as if to say "fair enough."

IMOGEN

We're eating in tonight too.

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ANNE

C'mon. What if we get barbecue? Those are like five bucks at Odeen's.

IMOGEN

That's still a lot.

ANNE

'Gen. Really?

IMOGEN

Anne. Really.

ANNE

Okay, what if I pitch in half? Then most of it doesn't come from Mom's budget.

IMOGEN

Anne. Mom left us with the money we have. We can't ask for more.

ANNE

Why not?

IMOGEN

We just can't, okay?

ANNE

No, but we definitely should.

IMOGEN

She's probably in Portugal right now, she can't send us money.

ANNE

What about Dad?

IMOGEN

Dad's busy. I'm sure we could ask the McDermott's if we / needed anything

ANNE

NO.

IMOGEN

What is your issue with asking them?

ANNE

I don't want people knowing we're temp-orphans.

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IMOGEN

Oh my gosh, we are not 'temp-orphans', that's such a horrible thing to say.

ANNE

It's true. If it's just two kids hanging out, what's the difference between us and orphans?

IMOGEN

ALIVE. PARENTS.

ANNE

Technically. But if they're not even around and they're not sending us money, are they even alive, dear Imogen?

IMOGEN

You're such a freak.

ANNE

Our parents could be dead.

IMOGEN

Mom and Dad are not dead.

ANNE

Can we see them? Can we hear them? Are we just living day to day hoping they'll eventually return? We're basically Annie. You better start practicing your high notes at this point, because I don't see them coming home anytime soon. We're mere moments away from scrounging the beach for thrown-away-hotdogs and days-old popcorn.

Beat.

IMOGEN

Oh my gosh, fine, I'll call Odeen's.

ANNE

Thank you!

IMOGEN goes to the phone. IMOGEN dials a number on a brochure in a kitchen drawer.

IMOGEN

Hi there. This is Imogen Kilcullen. I'm calling to place an order for takeout.

ANNE waves her hands. IMOGEN shushes her.